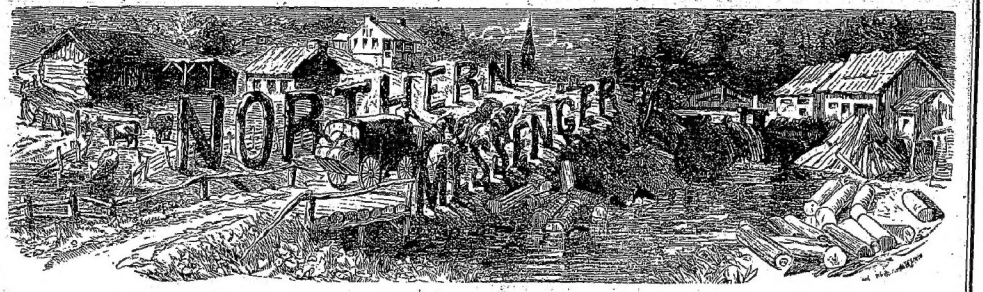

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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JOHN RUSKIN.

There are two thin volumes—thin as to the mere material substance, I mean—which every young girl would be the better for reading; which ought to have a handy place in her chosen, very own library. Both are by the author whose name stands above; and their titles are "Letters to Young Girls," and "Sesame and Lilies." The first explains itself; the other provokes the question, "What is it?" or "What does it mean?"

His titles are mostly odd, and as enigmatical and picturesque as they are odd; but they always have a hidden meaning. Ruskin is one of the sincerest writers living; and if he does go far out of the way for one, you may be sure that he has a purpose in so doing, and will make it clear. But more about this by-and-by. The man first, his words and titles afterwards.

The place of his birth was London; the date February 8, 1819. He seems to have been a solitary little lad, and was brought up in rather a rigid way. He had Walter Scott's novels and Pope's translation of the "Iliad" for his only reading on week days; and on Sunday he had "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress," and his mother made him learn long chapters in the Bible by heart, and read it "straight through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, about once a year." She gave him his daily lesson, but never more to learn at a time than she knew he could do, and he was kept in until it was done, whether Bible or Latin grammar. From the time he could read he was required to be persevering and thorough, and her method made him so conscientious that he said he never thought of doing anything behind her back that he would not have done before her face. It was a good beginning.

So his masters were Scott and Homer, therefore he had to look up. But the kind of writing which formed his style was the strong, vital Saxon of the Bible. He said he owed much of his general power of taking pains and the best part of his taste in literature to that Scripture discipline, "patient, accurate and resolute," and (here is a hint for you.)

once knowing 32nd of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of 1st Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me even in the foolishest time of youth to write entirely superficial or formal English.

His father was a wine-merchant, but he had such a rare love for pictures and rare discernment of what was true art that he ought instead to have been a painter. He used to hire a post-chaise for two months in the summer, and, taking his wife and this only son with him, go the round of his country customers, always planning so as to stop over night at some town near a nobleman's house where there was a fine picture gallery that he could visit. The child, four or five years old when these outings began, had a seat on "a little bracket in front," and so, "at a jog-trot pace, he saw all of the high roads and most of the cross ones of England and Wales, and great part of lowland Scotland."

After years of this kind of education of his eyes, he went up to Oxford, where at

JOHN RUSKIN.

twenty-one he won a prize for a poem; at that period he wrote some very attractive poetry, but ceased from it before he was thirty. In 1843, the name John Ruskin became suddenly known far and wide, and so well-known that nobody could forget it, through a volume called "Modern Painters." Five with that title were eventually published, although seventeen years passed between the first and last of the series. This is the work on which some critics claim that his reputation rests; but those which are of greater interest to the general readers are "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "The Stones of Venice."

Never before was architecture shown on paper in such a fascinating way. His pages are pictures, and his mode is as original as it is charming. These lamps are "the Spirits of Sacrifice, Truth, Power, Beauty, Life, Memory and Obedience," and there are great principles which affect human conduct underlying what he says. To know how to make use of them one must read for one's self, and see what the truths are, and with what splendor of language he clothes them.

Most of his lectures and notes are on art and architecture; he has also written as well as done a great deal for working men. The book entitled "The Crown of Wild Olive" abounds with strong advice coming straight home to everybody. He always speaks for good work by whomsoever done, and "work is only done well when it is done with a will." It is in this volume that he gives his idea of what a child should be.

The first character of right childhood is that it is Modest .... And it is always asking questions and wanting to know more. The second is to be faithful. The third to be loving and generous. And because of all these characters lastly it is cheerful.

A series for the working classes is "Fors Clavigera"; which I refer to especially, because it was in these letters with the strange title which it takes more than one page to explain, that he proposed to form the society which now exists near Sheffield, called "St. George's Guild." He has given a great part of his money to it, and fitted up a free museum and library, and his purpose by means of it is to have the poorer people live sweet and noble lives. They are to help others when they can, "seek to avenge no injury, strive to produce what is beautiful in form and to become what is lovely in character."

The girls to spin, weave, and sew, and at a proper age to cook all ordinary food exquisitely; the youth of both sexes to be disciplined daily in the strictest practice of vocal music; and for morality, to be taught gentleness to all brute creatures—finished courtesy to each other—to speak truth with rigid care, and to obey orders with the precision of soldiers. Then as they grow older, they are to learn the natural history of the place they live in—to know Latin, boys and girls both—and the history of five cities: Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence and London.

Of course this is not all. Those cities are named that they shall learn "what has been beautifully and bravely done"—something about heroic deeds and art.

The training of girls has an important place in Mr. Ruskin's writings. "To the real little housewives" whom he loves he dedicated, as a Christmas offering, his book, "The Ethics of the Dust," mostly about crystals, but having one chapter on home virtues. He has lofty ideals for girls—will they live up to them? He says:

Girls should be like daisies; nice and white, with an edge of red if you look close; making the ground bright where they are; knowing simply and quietly that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they did not do it.

About cooking:

It means the knowledge of Medea and of Circe, and of Calypso and of Helen, and of Rebekah; and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs and fruits, and balms and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves, and savory in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great-grandmothers, and the science of modern chemists; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness and French art and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'ladies'—'loaf-givers,' and, as you are to see, imperatively, that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something good to eat.

To go back now to the two books named

AUBERT GALLION QUE
Nov 15 1886

at the beginning of this paper. The "Letters to Young Girls" are in answer to a little petition from some girls who were interested in the St. George's Society and wished him to give them rules for their conduct and studies, which would help them in their daily lives. Can you not imagine, therefore, what his forty-five pages are full of, and what a sweet and noble womanhood they set before one?

"Sesame and Lilies" has "King's Treasuries," the treasures whereof are books, and "Sesame," the magic word admits you to them, and "Queens' Gardens," meaning the wide territory over which women reign. As you read the latter you will see what is this man's ideal; and a girl of fine instincts will not be slow to kindle with hope and effort, and will thank him for his chivalrous words, and for the way he honors the grace, tenderness, and intellectual power, the moral courage and spirit of self-sacrifice and true dignity of character that belong to the best womanhood.

In that paper are likewise suggestions for your reading of Shakespeare, Scott, Chaucer, Spenser and others of the masters in literature. It is a subject he loves to linger over; he even appends a chapter on "Things to be studied," to his little work on "The Elements of Drawing," which is another of his books for girls to own. See what he says:

There are some books which we all need, and assuredly, if you read Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakespeare, and Spenser, as much as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of shelves to right and left of them for purpose of perpetual study. . . . A common book will often give you much amusement, but it is only a noble book that will give you dear friends. Remember also that it is of less importance to you in your earlier years that the books you read should be clever, than that they should be right.

He would have girls not only humane, tender and true, kind to strangers, refined, neat, and in a word, ladies, but trained to habits of accurate thought, and thorough; not half-know, or "mis-know." The three papers which teach this in brief, under that name "Sesame and Lilies" (the third is on architecture), are already classics, as some critic says, being "discourses on the art of beautifying life, on the mission of books and the needs of education."

Mr. Ruskin has had, and perhaps still has a beautiful house on Denmark Hill, near London, and he has a country home, Brantwood Coniston, in the Lake Region. No small portion of his life has been spent at Oxford where he was for a time art professor for, however peculiar and antagonistic have been some of his opinions, he has long been considered one of the best art critics in Great Britain.

By those who have only occasionally met him, he had been described as whimsical and "full of crotchets" (mostly benevolent ones, however), but they who know him intimately see only that he is kind and lovable, extremely friendly to art students and all who truly want to learn; and he is "almost idolized by his neighbors," which speaks well for any man. He says he has all his life desired good and not evil; has wished to be kind to all; has wilfully injured none; has loved much, and not selfishly; and "you who read may trust my thought and word in such work as I have to do for you."—*Wide Awake.*

MADAGASCAR AND MASSACHUSETTS.

Rev. Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, says: "The Queen of Madagascar, in the very year when Massachusetts took half a million of dollars revenue for strong drink, wrote in her proclamation: 'I cannot consent, as your queen, to take a single cent of revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects.' Here is a land, that a little while ago was heathen, speaking back to Massachusetts, the home of the Puritans. It ought to stir our blood."

Several Boys in Plantsville, Conn., sons of the most prominent people, have been arrested for a series of thefts which they confessed. There were forty of them, who made their headquarters in a shanty, where they kept their booty and had a library of dime novels.

The Rev. Dr. Jessup, of Beirut, reports that a numerous body of Mohammedans in a Syrian city are reading the Bible, have rejected the Koran, and profess belief in Christ. One of them was arrested and imprisoned, but was released on the ground that he must be crazy!

JOHN TODD.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

In one of the wild regions of the West, where religious privileges were few, a good man started a Sabbath-school and urged all who lived in the vicinity to attend it.

The eager children came, not a few, some walking several miles to reach the spot, and all showing great enthusiasm over the matter.

Little Kittie Todd, whose father was the most noted infidel of those parts, wanted to go with her companions to the new school. Her father did not like the movement, but could not bear to utterly disappoint his dear little child, and so he told her that she might go one Sabbath, but must not think of going again.

Delighted Kitty went to the Sabbath-school and found it even better than she expected, and could not bear to think of not going again. But her father said, "It would not do to have her led away by any fanaticism."

Kittie was very sorrowful over her disappointment, and whenever she dared said a coaxing word to papa. The father loved his child, if he did not religion, and at length he told her he would go with her and see what kind of a place it was, and whether she might regularly attend it.

Their home was about two miles from the school, and the road in part led through a wood, which pleased the father well, for he did not wish to be seen going to the school he had openly condemned.

When near the spot his courage failed him, and he told the little girl that he would sit down on a log at the edge of the wood and wait for her until Sabbath-school was dismissed.

Kittie went into the little log-house where the services were held, and her father sat down in the shade to wait for her as he had promised to do. He was close by, however, and presently he heard the notes of a sweet tune sung by the childish voices, and this drew him within the door. Here a log had been placed for a seat, and John Todd seated himself upon it and thought to thus have an opportunity to watch all proceedings and sit in judgment upon them.

To his surprise the good gentleman who had started the school came, after the opening exercises were over, and asked if he would teach a class.

"I teach a class?" queried John. "I wouldn't know what to teach."

"There is a class of boys without a teacher over there in the corner," replied Mr. R——, "we have question-books; won't you be kind enough to ask the questions?"

John Todd was obliging in his disposition, and so consented to ask the boys the questions of their lesson, but wanted it understood that he did not presume to teach, especially in religious matters.

"Yes, yes, I understand you," said Mr. R——, as they drew near a class needing a teacher.

John Todd sat down and commenced the lesson, feeling rather strange in his new capacity.

He managed to get through the lesson, though the questions were rather distasteful to him; for instance, such as this: "Who died to redeem us?" It was rather absurd to him, who did not intend to be made to believe that any one died for our redemption; but he made no comments, and at the close commended the boys for their ready answers, and went home inwardly vowing that he would not be caught in such a scrape again; and perhaps he would have kept his word but for Kittie, the dear child that she was. She could not rest without the privilege of going to Sabbath-school, and repeatedly during the week following her father's attendance there she asked if he would go again and if she might go again.

What could John Todd do under such circumstances? He could not make Kittie utterly miserable, and he was not willing to send her alone to the school for fear of the influences there.

Upon the coming Sabbath as there seemed to be no alternative, he again took Kittie and went to the school, and once more he found himself asking solemn questions from the question-book, all the time feeling uneasy and out of place.

"Now, Mr. Todd," said Mr. R—— at the close of the exercises, "will you not consider yourself the teacher of those boys? We are short of teachers, you know."

John said something about his unfitness for such business, his unwillingness to mix with religion or religious people, but in the end promised to take the class till a better teacher could be provided.

Mr. R—— knew the man's unfitness and his unwillingness, but he also knew his kindly disposition, and hoped that the school might bring him to the Saviour, could he be brought to constant attendance.

As John led his little girl home he was silent and thoughtful. "An infidel and a Sunday-school teacher; what inconsistency!" thought he. And why was he an infidel? He had been religiously trained, and his thoughts went back to his early home and its teachings. The Sunday-school was at work, and doing a great work too.

John Todd continued thoughtful during the whole week, and reluctantly went again to the school, feeling more than ever his unfitness to give religious instruction; and these feelings increased until he renounced his unbelief and became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and then his great earnest nature took hold of the Sunday-school work. He started Sunday-schools, and he drew children unto them until he, the once infidel John Todd, was the means of bringing some thousands of scholars into the Sunday-school.

This story is true, although the name is fictitious. We know not whether John Todd to-day is living or dead; but this we do know, that God in this case blessed the Sunday-school work to his conversion.—*American Messenger.*

Two Persons came to a clergyman to have a dispute settled. Each believed the other to be in the wrong. After he had heard them all through, he settled it in this way: "Let the innocent forgive the guilty."

When President Fairchild, of Oberlin, was about to visit Europe, a visitor at the table told him that there he would certainly have to drink wine. "No," cried out Dr. Fairchild's little son, "my father can be trusted when he is away from home." And he did not taste wine on the trip. He would not disappoint the confidence of his boy.—*N. Y. Independent.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON I.—JULY 4.

JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.—John 9:1-17.

Commit Verses 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind now I see.—John 9:25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the light of the world.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 9:1-17.
T. John 9:18-41.
W. 2 Cor. 12:7-11, Heb. 12:6-11.
Th. Isa. 35:1-10.
F. Isa 42:1-16.
Sa. John 1:1-14
Su. Luke 6:1-11

Time.—Oct., A.D. 29. Probably the next Sabbath after the feast of Tabernacles.

Place.—Jerusalem, near one of the gates of the temple.

Jesus.—About 33 years old, about six months before his crucifixion.

Rulers.—Tiberius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome (16th); Pontius Pilate, Governor of Judea (4th). Herod Antipas over Galilee (33rd).

Circumstances.—In our last regular lesson Jesus was discoursing with the Pharisees in the temple, and they had taken up stones to kill him, when he passed quietly out among the throngs. The events of this lesson took place soon after, probably on the Sabbath following.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. As Jesus passed by: not the same verb as the one translated "passed by" in the last verse of the last chapter. Hence it need not refer to the same occasion. Blind From His Birth: and therefore more difficult to cure. 2. Who did sin? Whose sin was the occasion of this great sorrow? The Pharisees taught that each trouble was the punishment of some particular sin. This man: of course blindness from birth could not be the punishment for the man's own sin. Therefore was it in consequence of his parents' sin. 3. Neither Hath This Man Sinned: this was not on account of any sin of either the man or his parents. It does not mean that they never had done wrong. Such evils as blindness are the results of sin in general, but you cannot always trace a trouble to a particular sin, nor judge of character by the amount of trouble. Works of God: his works of love, goodness, salvation; that these might be shown in the man's spiritual good, and thus also be revealed to others. 4. While it is day: while the opportunity lasts. 6. Made clay: used some means to awaken the man's faith and test his obedience. Siloam: a pool south of the temple area. Sabbath Day: Both making clay, and healing the man, broke their interpretation of the Sabbath law, but did not break the fourth commandment.

Learn by Heart v. 5, ch. 1:4, 5, 9; 8:12.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What was the last regular lesson about? At what time were these words spoken? How long after did the events of to-day's lesson take place? Where? In what part of Jesus' ministry are we now studying?

SUBJECT: JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I. The Darkness (vs. 1-3).—Whom did Jesus see one day as He was walking with His disciples? Why is it mentioned that he was born blind? What question did the disciples ask? What led them to ask it? Is suffering always the fruit of sin? (Ezek. 18:20. Rom. 5:12. John 5:14.) What was Jesus' reply? Did He mean that these people had never done wrong? Is suffering the proof of special sin? (Luke 13:1-5.) What is meant by the "works of God"? How were these made manifest in this man? What other darkness is in the world besides blindness? Why is sorrow called darkness? Why is ignorance like darkness? Why is the state of sin called darkness?

What was the Pharisees' idea of the connection between sin and suffering? Is there such connection sometimes? Are the righteous often more afflicted in this world than wicked persons? How will Christ's works (v. 3, l.c.) explain this?

II. The Light (vs. 4-6).—What did Jesus call Himself? In what respects is He like light? How does He take away the darkness of sin? of trouble? of ignorance? What is meant by "the day" and "the night" in v. 4? Give an account of the cure of the blind man. Why did Jesus use such means?

How did the means used help the man's faith? How test his obedience? Is the use of means contrary to faith? Is there any real faith when we refuse to use the means God has appointed?

III. The Conflict Between Light and Darkness (vs. 8-17).—What did the neighbors say about this cure? What was the man's testimony? Why did they take him to the Pharisees? What wrong did they think Jesus had done? Had He broken the Sabbath? What two opinions prevailed? Which one was right? Why? How did this discussion result?

JESUS THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

I. The Blindness, of the body, of sin, of ignorance, of sorrow; because the light is absent.

II. The Causes. (a) In general it is the fruit of sin. But no one can infer great sin from great calamity (Luke 13:1-5). The best of people are often great sufferers. (b) God permits this suffering, and He transforms people by it. He makes it work out spiritual goodness and joy. He makes it to show His love, His goodness, His power, His redemption.

III. The Light signifies all that makes us see God, truth, goodness, culture, purity; all that brings brightness and peace into the soul, all that takes away sin, sorrow, ignorance.

IV. Jesus is the light of the whole world.

V. Our Part. We should receive the light. We should reflect it to all people. We should use all the means God has provided. We must do each duty in its time. We must expect that the coming of the light should make commotion in the darkness.

LESSON XIII.—JUNE 27.

REVIEW.

(Scripture Lesson.—John 1:1-17.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth.—John 1:14.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 1:1-51.
T. John 2:1-25.
W. John 3:1-36.
Th. John 4:1-54.
F. John 5:1-47.
Sa. John 6:1-71.
Su. John 7:1-53.

Time.—This quarter covers nearly three years of Jesus' earthly ministry, from Jan., A.D. 27, to Oct., A.D. 29.

Place.—Jerusalem, Cana, Capernaum, Bethsaida, Sychar. John leaves out a large portion of the ministry in Galilee, because recorded in the other Gospels, which were written before his, and he dwells chiefly on the ministry of Jerusalem and Judea.

Suggestions.—(1) Read the first eight chapters of John's Gospel at one sitting. (2) Trace out the movements of Jesus on the map in order to make his life real and vivid to you. (3) Study up the state of the country in the time of Christ. (4) Review the Titles, Golden Texts, and Central Truths of the quarter.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What book of the Bible have we been studying? Who wrote it? When and where? Tell all you can about the book. Give some account of the Apostle John. How much time do the lessons of this quarter cover? Where did the events take place? Name the principal persons mentioned.

SUBJECT: THE REDEEMER OF THE WORLD.

I. His Nature (Lessons 1, 11, 12).—Who is the Redeemer of the world? How long has He existed? What great works did He do before He became man? When did He become man? How is He the Light of men? the Life? the living water? Meaning of "Christ." What reasons have we to rejoice that our Saviour is divine? that He became man?

II. The Beginnings of His Kingdom (Lessons 2, 3, 4).—Who were His first disciples? How were they led to Him? What great results have grown from these small beginnings? What was His first miracle? When and where? What was it meant to teach?

What was the first great doctrine He taught? To whom? Why is this placed first?

III. His Miracles (Lessons 3, 7, 8, 9).—What are miracles? Why did Jesus perform them? What was the first one, and its teachings? What is the next recorded one? What was that meant to teach us? Describe the next one. What does this teach us? What one the following night? What miracle did we study in Lesson 9? What are its teachings?

IV. His Teachings (Lessons 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 12).—What great doctrine was taught to Nicodemus? What comforting truths to the Samaritan woman at the well? What did He teach her about worship? What instruction did He give His disciples on the same day about working for God? What did He teach about the bread of life? About the living water? About the liberty of the Gospel? About eternal life?

THE HOUSEHOLD.

"THIS MINISTRY."

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"I do hope that one of my boys will be called to the ministry," said Mrs. Ashland.

"Only one?" was her friend's reply. "I ask that all my children may early accept the ministry God offers them."

"The ministry God offers? I do not understand."

"I mean just this. 'Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' so to each of us is given a ministry (ministering) in this world which we only can fully accomplish, and in which, 'as we have received mercy, we faint not.' Our ministry as wives, mothers, and housekeepers is often a harder service than that of our good pastors."

"I am sure it is! But these daily duties seem quite transfigured in such a light," said Mrs. Ashland thoughtfully. "*If my daily* cares constitute my ministry, I have no right to complain or shirk them."

Her friend, who knew her circumstances better than Mrs. Ashland supposed, knowing that she was indeed sorely tried and tested, prayed that her words might be guided with discretion as she replied,

"I won't say you have no right, dear. I only think that when you see your life in the full light of God's Word you will not want to shirk or complain. You have just this ministry, this man boarding with you, this sickly husband, this family of growing boys, this untrained, careless servant. Seeing then you have this ministry, as you have received mercy, you faint not. You are called quite as plainly as you long to have your son called, and to quite as important a ministry."

"'Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering.' I never noticed how that text might apply? Why, you have made it such a different matter to plan for to-morrow's meals, to try to make things run smoothly, and to be patient with my poor husband. I had been trying and trying to see a way out of it all, and so many give me such advice! Every one seems to think I should get rid of *this* or that burden! Yet I never can see that I ought, and if it is my ministry I would not."

"'Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it,'" said Mrs. B—— lovingly. "There is such a wonderful rest in accepting our lot as a gift from our dear Lord. As to the puzzles *in your life*, no experience is without them, and I find such comfort in trusting to what God is preparing for us. You remember how, when Jonah was cast into the sea, God 'prepared a great fish' to swallow him; then later he 'prepared' a gourd and an east wind. He is not only able but willing to prepare what we need of trial and blessing and to give us his mercy that we faint not. I fear that we too often weaken each other by our sympathy for trials which if seen as part of each one's ministry, would not seem trials but blessings."

"I am sure we do. I never before thought of my little daily cares and duties as a ministry, but I shall not forget it, I hope. And now I must go home, for it is nearly dinner-time, and 'wait' on my 'ministering.'"

Is there not a suggestion here for you, dear reader? Are you accepting your daily cares and duties as a ministry to be entered into for God? If day by day we say to him "Whatever work thou hast for me to do, give it into my hands and give me grace to do it," and then just "wait on our ministering," will not our life be one of peace, even though full of trial and seeming perplexity? —*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LEARNING HOUSEKEEPING.

An English lady who has resided for some *time* on the continent writes: The complaints I hear daily about servants and housekeeping induce me to make a proposal—namely, that of establishing the system which is practised in Germany, of sending every young girl after she has finished her school education, and before she is "out" to learn housekeeping. This every girl in Germany does, be she the daughter of a nobleman, officer, or small official. She goes direct from school into a family corresponding to her station in life. Those who are rich go where they pay highly, and are in a "good family," so that they are enabled to live well, and have good cooking and great variety.

No one is taken into one of these establishments for less than a year, so that with every month a new branch is learned—one month the preserving of fruit in season, the next laying in of apples and vegetables for winter use, preserving of eggs and butter, etc. These girls are taught everything, from washing up dishes, sweeping and polishing the floors, clear starching and ironing, dusting and cleaning ornaments, cooking, laying the table, waiting, polishing the silver and glass up, to decorating the table with flowers and fruits. Great is the ambition of the pupil to hear that her taste and management are the best. Combined with these duties are those of keeping the household linen in repair and learning plain sewing. Thus the young girl gets experience in household affairs.

Though the pupils have to learn every thing, servants are kept in these establishments, who in their turn are taught by the advanced pupils, who have learned from the mother of the family. This accounts for the excellent housekeeping in Germany, where comfort is combined with economy, and the pleasure of having everything precise and clean. The labors of the day are over by midday (dinner being at midday), when everybody is at liberty for study, needlework, or amusement till time for preparing supper.—*Exchange.*

MY BOSSY.

"Make home attractive?" Yes, in every way in your power. Spare no pains or expense to keep your boys (and girls, too,) just as long as possible. Life's realities, responsibilities and burdens will come to them all too soon. If, by any effort of yours you can prolong the season of youth, do it. Indulge them, not foolishly, wickedly and weakly, but kindly and judiciously. Don't feel as if it would pauperize you to give them a pint of molasses now and then for a candy pull, with the neighbor's children as guests. Don't begrudge the few extra sticks of wood in the kitchen stove for the boiling of said pint. Don't mourn over the marks of boot heels on the painted floor. Don't fret because it takes an hour or two to set things to rights the next morning. The children will cheerfully help clear up themselves, in memory of the frolic, and they will find other ways, too, of paying mother back for her indulgence.

Let the young folks have plenty of room, and warmth, light and music, books, papers and games, and cosy chairs their very own. Mark their birthdays by some appropriate gift that can be kept, like a book, picture, ring or pin. Something that may be both ornamental and useful. No matter sometimes if it is simply ornamental. They do sometimes appreciate a gift just for its beauty, and surely anything which helps to cultivate the love of the beautiful is greatly useful. In this practical world we are too apt to overlook this fact.

To be sure, every one else has said it, but let me say it, too; let your boys have something of their own. Give it to them, or sell it to them, but let it be their very own, somehow. The *place* where lies their own property, be it in stock, or land, or tools, has a charm for them a little beyond any other place on earth. Make that place their childhood's home. It is in your power, but in the power of no one else. What matters a little more or less of what you are pleased to call "my property" to the love of home in your children? O, *avarice, avarice*, thou art the very root from which springs many a child's destruction!

Said a great, big boy, big enough to be teaching his first school, when he got home after an absence of eight weeks, and had shaken hands and kissed all around, "Now I want to see my bossy." And away his *long legs* went to the barn, like the veriest school-boy, and I think very likely he kissed the "bossy." I should think none the less of him if I knew he did. Said "bossy" was a fine young Jersey cow, no fairer nor fatter than many another, but it was his, don't you see.

Years ago the same boy, several degrees *smaller*, exhibited to me two pigs. "There," said he, triumphantly, "ain't them the prettiest pigs you ever see in your life? Why, they just talk to me." What I saw were two little dirty pigs, and their grunt*ings* were no more like words than those of every other pig. Was the ownership that glorified them in his eyes and ears.

But alas! there's many a Christian father who doesn't know that the gift of a pig would be a means of grace to his boy, and the worst of it is, he doesn't want to know it.—*Household.*

PREPARE FOR SUMMER.

1. Clear out the cellars. Remove all rubbish that interferes with the freest circulation of the air. Let no remnants of the winter's vegetables remain to decompose into poisonous gases. See that there is no leakage beneath the floor from the sewage pipes, and that no neighbor's broken drain is emptying its offal there.

Now is the time to replace all wooden floors—sources of danger—with good cement. See that provision is made for the most thorough ventilation. Remember that the air of the cellar circulates through the whole house, even to the attics, and that it should be as pure and sweet as that of the parlor.

2. See that the pipes from the bath-room and the kitchen are in good order, not only sound in every part, but furnished with reliable traps that cut off the ingress into the house of noxious gases, and still more noxious microbes, from the main sewer. If an occasional flushing with a full head of hot water has hitherto been neglected, begin now, and continue it through the season, from time to time following it by the use of a strong solution of chloride of lime, or copperas (sulphate of iron), for the purpose of killing all bacterial life within them.

If intending to shut up the house during some weeks of the summer, flush and disinfect the drains, and fully ventilate every room in the house the last thing before leaving, and repeat it on returning.

3. If there are pumps or wells on the premises, make sure that no surface water enters them; and if they are within one hundred feet of a cesspool, or stable, or cow-yard, abandon the use of the water for cooking or drinking—and that, too, even though the surface of the ground around the well or pump may be considerably higher. *It is* the bottom of the former that is to be compared with the surface of the latter.

4. If expecting to spend the summer by the seaside or in the country, see beforehand that the drains and all the hygienic surroundings of the boarding-house are right and safe, for the number of boarders who annually *bring* back typhoid fever with them *is apt* to be comparatively large. Don't allow any uncertainty on this point.

Cleanliness everywhere is the great essential to good health in summer. Cleanliness about the premises is the only means by which the air can be kept pure, and *impure air in summer* readily becomes a poison.—*Youth's Companion.*

GLEANINGS.

To make good rusks take one pint of milk, one cup of yeast; mix it thin; when light add twelve ounces of brown sugar, two ounces of *butter*, *four* eggs, flour sufficient to make stiff as bread; when risen again, mould and spread it on tins.

Mouldiness is occasioned by the growth of minute vegetation. Ink, paste, leather and seeds most frequently suffer by it. A clove will prevent it; any essential oil answers equally well.

In using *student*-lamps, never let the oil accumulate in the cup below the wick, but pour it out at least once a week. Let everything used about lamps—rags, scissors, or extra wicks—be kept in a small box together, an empty starch-box being the best. Burn lamp rags every few weeks. If allowed to lie, filled with oil, spontaneous combustion often takes place, many fires having been caused in this way.

In dusting remember that old silk handkerchiefs are best for pianos. Shake the duster often while using it from door or window, and never flirt it about the furniture, as this simply sends the dust into the air to settle again the same place. Use a *damp* cloth for wainscotings and the tops of doors and windows.

Whitewash is to some extent a disinfectant, and should be used in cellar and kitchen closets not less than once a year, twice being better. A good whitewash is made of one peck of slacked lime, a pound and a half of white *vitriol*, a pound of salt, and half a pound of melted glue, the salt and glue keeping the wash from rubbing off. For cellars the slacked lime is sufficient.—*Mrs. Brown.*

WHY WOMEN BREAK DOWN.

There is little doubt that women are breaking down more rapidly than men, because they allow themselves to take less real rest. When a man drops his business he drops it. When a woman lets go of any work she may have in mind she ties it to her apron strings, as it were. She has been taught through long ages of training that it is a high crime and a misdemeanor to let anything escape her mind, so she is constantly, when she is at rest, pinching herself or prodding herself to see if she hasn't forgotten something. In this way she carries the burdens of her work into her resting hours, and sits down among the roses of relaxation with her foot on the treadle of the grindstone of prosy drudgery. If men kept their noses to the grindstone with womanly persistence they would be nervous and irritable beyond compare. If women would get their own consent to rest they would have better complexions, better stomachs, and a happier life.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The *initials* of the single words omitted spell the two words omitted from the last couplet. Their finals spell the two words omitted from the fourth couplet.

Be joyous and happy, kind-hearted and glad,
Dear children, but never, no never, be * * *.

Which letters are vowels? You surely must know.
Pronounce two in place of these stars here,—, *.

Now lest you with study your senses befog,
Run out in the yard for a romp with your * * *.

This is apropos quite, for the almanac says,
'Tis July 25th. Now begin the * * * * * *.

Recess now is over. Come, do as you're bid;
Those vowels repeat as beforetime you * * *.

Inverting their order. Please mind what I say.
Pronounce them in place of these stars here,
—, *.

I'll tell you the consonants some other day,
When vacation has passed *with its* pleasures so * * *.

But now I will teach you no farther than this.
Good-by, my dear children,—Rob, Harry, and * * *.

If you go the country, don't fall into bogs;
If you stay in the city, beware of * * * * * *.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 26, 1, 24, 25, 30 is a cloister.
My 6, 4, 12, 2, 10 is sweet to the taste.
My 19, 23, 5, 7, 9, 25 is to revolve.
My 28, 2, 27, 25, 16, 11, 8 is a book of the Old Testament.
My 8, 17, 29, 18, 3, 28 is a season of the year.
My 14, 20, 8, 22, 4, 29, 15 is a record.
My 13 and 21 are alike—consonants.
My whole is advice found in the Book of Ecclesiastes.

PHONETIC CHARADE.

My first half is three different parts of speech,
If that be true which the grammarians teach.
My last half is an ancient city's name,
From which, when called, an ancient chieftain came.
My whole (*head-gear*) *is heard within the line*,
"To err is human; to forgive, divine."

ANAGRAM.

The left-hand asterisks form the anagram of the right-hand asterisks.

```
*                    *
* *                  * *
* * *                * * *
* * * *              * * * *
* * * * *            * * * * *
* * * * * *          * * * * * *
* * * * * * *        * * * * * * *
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Left hand: 1, a vowel; 2, existing; 3, the cry of an animal; 4, a burden; 5, to throw; 6, a famous Roman tribune; 7, a trickster; 8, sorrowful.

Right hand: 1, a consonant; 2, an exclamation; 3, not good; 4, an animal; 5, a mountain of the Arabian Peninsula; 6, powerful; 7, a famous city of Spain; 8, pertaining to chemistry.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

RIDDLE.—Bar.

INITIALS.—Cockatoo, Auk, Titmouse, Bullfinch, Ibis, Redstart, Dragoon bird.—CATBIRD.

CHARADE.—Love-feast.

CURTAILMENTS.—

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C O O S
  L A U
P E R T H
H O L L O
  C A M E O
D R A W L
C O V E R
  G L A D E
  B O A R
C H A R M   SCHOOL TERM.
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The Family Circle.

A CHILD'S MINISTRY.

"What a friend we have in Jesus"—
Sang a little child, one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;—
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;—
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn, she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed the weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace unto a troubled heart.

—*Christian Observer.*

THE ACADEMY BOYS.

BY MRS. BELL V. CHISHOLM.

"Hello, boots! where are you going with that boy?" "Look out, bub! didn't you pull your clothes too soon?" "Are you fond of greens?" and a hundred other questions just as provoking were constantly grating on the sensitive ear of Evan Bliss during his first days at Carlyle.

When he had answered Master Cameron's advertisement, which called for a reliable boy to take charge of the Academy in return for board and tuition, the opportunity of securing a good education was all he had in mind. He was fully aware that his clothes were seedy and somewhat out of style, but that he would be snubbed and shabbily treated on account of the cut and coarseness of his garments, had never dawned upon him. Had he known the rough friction to which he was to be subjected, I am not sure that even his love for learning would have been strong enough to have carried him over twenty miles of rough country roads in order to encounter the sneers of his young companions.

Mr. Cameron himself could scarcely suppress a smile when the young backwoodsman made his appearance on the Saturday evening before the opening of the Academy. Though the boy's homespun was odd and ill-fitting, and his manner lacked polishing, yet there was something in the intellectual eye and frank, open countenance of the boy that attracted him at the first meeting, and his promptness and thoroughness in the work assigned him, made the master predict for him no uncertain future.

The Academy boys, however, saw only the rough exterior, and the coarse, outgrown blue jeans received more attention and excited more comments than the capabilities that were buttoned up beneath the old style jacket.

Anson Corbet, the ringleader of all sorts of mischief on the play-ground, as well as the master spirit in the study room, promised himself and his followers much sport with the uninitiated country lad. So home-sick and discouraged did poor Evan become on account of their relentless persecutions, that at the close of the second week he was ready to return to the little brown cottage, where he had spent so many happy days. But for a little circumstance that occurred at the close of the morning session on that memorable Friday, my story need never have been written. It had been an unlucky forenoon. Everything seemed to go wrong, and Evan was sorely perplexed over the added burden of a complete failure in the recitation room.

"I'll tell Mr. Cameron that I cannot endure this persecution any longer; I'll tell him at noon, and be off this evening," he thought, as he joined the boys in the chapel. A derisive laugh from a chorus of voices caused him to turn his eyes over his shoulders, and there, dangling from his coat, he discovered a long strip of white paper, with "The wonder of the age! A real, live monkey, said to be able to read and write a little. His owner expects to make a fortune out of his trained ape," printed upon it.

The poor boy was so indignant at this unmerited treatment, that he broke down completely, and sobbed like a little child. This only added to the merriment of his tormentors. Had he shown spirit, or even treated the matter as a good-natured joke!—but to show the cowardly feather, that was worse than even the outgrown blue jeans, and they twitted him most unmercifully about his tears.

Angry at this new insult, and humiliated at his lack of courage, he flew to his room in the turret, closing and locking the door on his entrance to prevent possible interruption. His first thought was flight, and he commenced at once to place his small effects in the little old-fashioned satchel that had been his only companion in the twenty-mile trip that had been footed two weeks previous under such hopeful circumstances.

Closing his valise firmly, he took a bit of paper and pencil from his pocket and scribbled a hasty note to Mr. Cameron, which, having placed in a conspicuous place, he sat down to await the dinner bell, telling himself that while the boys were engaged in the dining-hall he would make his escape. Suddenly it burst upon him that this sneaking away was unmanly. After a few minutes' rapid thinking, he said emphatically. "I'll not go. The boys would have good reason to stigmatize me as a coward should I carry out my clandestine purpose. I'll stay, and before the year closes I'll compel them to respect me. Mr. Cameron advertised for a reliable boy, and took me on my honor. Shall I betray his trust by creeping away without so much as thanking him for his kindness? Pshaw! how near I came to proving myself wholly unreliable! I'll stay, and to-day's failure shall be the last."

And it was, for from that hour he rose above their petty annoyances, and Anson Corbet soon discovered that if he wished to keep his place at the head of his classes, he would be compelled to study more closely than he had ever done before, for the despised "blue jeans," as the boys had dubbed Evan, was determined to contest every inch of ground to the very top. To be obliged to toil so incessantly in order to keep his position from being occupied by that "horrid underling" made Anson furious. Hitherto he had experienced no difficulty in retaining the honor of his class without putting forth more effort than was agreeable to his indolent, self-indulgent nature. Although he had been under Master Cameron's careful training for two full years, and possessed the advantage of a quick and retentive memory, yet he lacked Evan's thirst for knowledge, as well as his earnest and close application to study. As the days followed each other in quick succession, a fierce rivalry sprang up between the two boys, and every fresh triumph of "blue jeans" gained him new admirers. Anson's haughty, domineering ways made him unpopular with the Academy boys, and many of his pretended friends secretly hoped he would be defeated by the shabbiest member of the class. "It would set him back a peg or two," they whispered.

Madly jealous of the increasing favor of Evan, Anson left nothing undone to humble him. One morning, among the first cool days of autumn, he placed his coal bucket in the passage, and when "blue jeans" came along peremptorily ordered him to fill it.

"Why should I do all that for you?" demanded Evan, breaking off his whistling suddenly.

"That is what you are here for," returned Anson, with a sneer.

"I never engaged to wait upon you, sir," Evan answered, quickly.

"It belongs to your regular duties, and you will be compelled to do it, at any rate," retorted Anson.

Just then Mr. Cameron came along the wide hall on his way to the chapel, and Evan turning to him, quietly asked:

"Does carrying coal for the young gentlemen come under the head of taking care of the Academy?"

Something in his tone made Mr. Cameron stop and eye him closely for a moment, then he answered hesitatingly, "It has always been our custom to have the janitor perform such work when there was any special reason why the students could not do it for themselves. Anson's father informs me that his son is not strong this session, and he wishes someone to do this small service for him. Of course you are the proper one under the circumstances."

"All right!" said Evan, taking up the empty bucket, "if it belongs to my duty I will do it." "It is not often that such emergencies arise," added the master apologetically.

"Since it belongs to my legitimate work, I shall not hesitate about its performance," Evan replied with a show of dignity. "I trust I shall never be ashamed to do my duty," he continued, biting his lips to keep back the angry words that almost choked him.

"As proud as he is plucky," said Mr. Cameron to himself, as he bestowed an admiring glance upon the boy who dared to do right at any cost.

Anson's bright ways and good recitations had made him quite a favorite with the master, still he was by no means blind to his many defects of character; yet I suppose it would have been next to impossible to have convinced him that morning that the note purporting to be from his father, was actually written by the boy's own hand.

Anson gloried in the degradation he had forced upon his rival, while the boys despised "blue jeans" more than ever for the tame submission he manifested under this new tyranny.

They were incapable of realizing that the greatest victory the boy could have achieved lay in his prompt performance of duty, in spite of his outraged feelings; indeed, Evan would have been surprised as much as any of them, had any one told him that he was doing a brave thing. "If I am paid for waiting on my enemy, I am going to do it, though every boy in the Academy cast my cowardice in my teeth," he told himself over and over when he felt his courage waning.

About this time there came a new element of discord into the school. Mr. Kelly, a man of wealth and culture, grown impatient with his son's bad orthography, offered a twenty-dollar gold piece to the boy who would win it, in compliance with his terms. If all the contestants failed before the end of the first hour, the prize was to be withdrawn, but if at the expiration of that time more than one remained on the floor, a more difficult test was to be chosen. If any withstood the second hour the dictionary was to take the place of the speller named, and the contest was to continue until all except one missed a word. This lucky one, of course, would be the winner. This offer was made on the first of November, and the contest was to take place on New Year's Day.

Every boy in the Academy entered earnestly into the conflict, but between Anson and Evan the fiercest of the battle centred. Long before the notable day arrived, all conceded that the victory lay between the young tyrant and his victim. At each succeeding weekly rehearsal the interest deepened, and the animosity between the rivals waxed stronger, both standing firm and unflinching. While Anson desired to win merely for the name, Evan had a double purpose at heart to urge him on. That twenty dollars, in itself, to him, promised a new suit of clothes and several new books, of which he stood in need, but the mere triumph of that hour would bring him something even more precious than money, the respect and good-will of his companions.

On the last day of the year, at the close of the final review, Mr. Cameron sent the boys all out for an hour's exercise, hoping thereby to soothe their excited feelings, and prepare them for the work of to-morrow. A brisk walk brought them to a knoll overlooking the river. The descent on the side next the water was almost perpendicular, but as no accident had ever occurred, and the boys were all supposed to be old enough to take care of themselves, Mr. Cameron did not object to their frequent visits to the place. To-day, however, their minds were too much disturbed to engage in active sport, and they might have been seen standing here and there in little groups, discussing the probabilities of [redacted]morrow.

Anson, surrounded by a number of his most intimate friends, was engaged in ridiculing Evan, when the latter came within hearing of his voice. Without appearing to notice him, Anson managed to raise a grape-vine that lay across the path, just as "blue jeans" attempted to pass. Of course "blue jeans" received the expected tumble, but Anson had counted without his host, for the treacherous vine snapped in the centre, and the wily boy, losing his balance, was precipitated down the steep declivity. Midway, the terror-stricken culprit grasped a young sapling, which alone saved him from being dashed to pieces instantly.

For a moment Evan stood paralyzed like his companions, then his active brain began devising means of rescue. "Just let him alone and the prize is yours on the morrow. Why risk your life for this boy, who caused the terrible catastrophe in trying to injure you?" flashed into his mind, but the next minute his better self triumphed, and he took a deliberate survey of the situation. Help from above was impossible without strong ropes and men to adjust them properly. They were a full half-mile from any human habitation and a good mile from the Academy. Long before help could arrive the tree might give way, and Anson would be engulfed in the deep, swift current. In much less time than it has taken me to relate this incident, Evan had pulled off his coarse shoes and was making his way slowly across the icy precipice. In his hand he carried his large, strong knife, which did the best service now it ever had done, in cutting niches for the hands and feet of his enemy.

"Shut your mouth and save your strength," he called, as the frightened lad's wild cry reached his ear.

Anson obeyed unhesitatingly, while Evan laboriously and fearlessly worked his way across the declivity. Away above him he could hear the voices of the awe-stricken boys, while a hundred feet below him rolled the dark river, which he dared not even think of in this supreme hour. His backwoods nerve and agility served him a good purpose now, and his cowardly assailant welcomed his aid as an angel's hand. Slowly and with great difficulty he guided the benumbed boy along the dangerous route he had made passable, until a place of safety was reached, when he, worn out with his exertion, sank down helpless at the feet of the boy he had rescued.

The master, who had been on his way to the knoll when advised of the accident, arrived in time to witness the tender care Evan bestowed on his rival. Delivering Anson to the care of the boys who had gathered around him, Mr. Cameron soon succeeded in restoring Evan to consciousness. Three rousing cheers for the brave boy who risked his own life to save that of his enemy, rent the air, then, Mr. Cameron taking the exhausted pupils in his sleigh, soon placed them in more comfortable places than the one they had so recently occupied.

After this, "blue jeans" was the hero of the school; and no one extolled his merit more loudly than Anson Corbet. Mr. Corbet, Anson's father, wished to reward his son's rescuer liberally, but Evan indignantly refused to put a premium on the Golden Rule, and the gentleman was obliged to remain the boy's debtor.

Evan carried off the prize at the contest the next day, and every boy in the school, Anson not excepted, joined heartily in the applause.

In placing the gold piece in his hand Mr. Kelly remarked "that the boy's record and orthography were so praiseworthy that the double eagle had found a mate, which," he insisted, "belonged to the boy who dared to do right—that boy of honor, who would not turn aside from duty, even in the face of death."—*Christian at Work.*

TEXTS FOR SUMMER TRAVELLERS.

We made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night.—Neh. 4:9.

I have set the Lord always before me; because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.—Ps. 16:8.

I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.—Ps. 17:3.

Hold up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.—Ps. 17:5.

Keep me as the apple of the eye.—Ps. 17:8.

Hide me under the shadow of Thy wings.—Ps. 17:8.

The Lord before whom I walk, will send His angel with thee, and prosper thy way.—Gen. 24:40.—*Word and Work.*

LITTLE STORIES IN SILVER AND GOLD.

I held in my hand the other day three little flat pieces of silver—very nearly circular in shape, they were, and on each was stamped the figure of a tortoise.

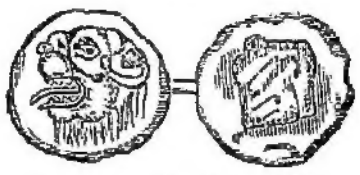
Apparently they were old-fashioned coins. I wondered just how old. They didn't look very badly battered; but still I thought they must be at least a hundred or two

DRACHMS OF ÆGINA.

hundred years old. Let us see: A hundred years is a long time. A hundred years ago, the great Napoleon was a school-boy in Paris; two hundred years take us back to the time when John Bunyan was alive and little Peter the Great of Russia was tied to his sister's apron strings. But these coins were old even then. Trace them back a little farther: Three hundred, five hundred, a thousand years. We are carried away along in the history of the world, past the Spanish Armada, the Black Prince, the Norman Conquest; past Robert Bruce, Shakespeare, Chaucer, Alfred the Great, and Charlemagne—and brought face to face with Haroun-al-Raschid—our old friend of the Arabian Nights. Of course we know him like a brother. Well, were these little coins in existence then? I ask this of the collector who has allowed me to handle them.

"Bless you?" he says; "these were old, old coins, long before Haroun's great-grandfather was thought of. One of these coins was in circulation at about the time Hezekiah was crying in the streets of Jerusalem, and was probably locked up over night in somebody's strong box on that very night when the angel of the Lord went forth, and smote the great army of Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians.

"The inhabitants of Ægina (one of the islands of Greece), issued these coins about the Eighth Century before Christ. They are probably the first silver coins ever issued. The tortoise was an animal sacred



GOLD STATER OF MILETUS.

to Mercury, the god of weights and measures. The coins themselves came to be called 'tortoises,' and they became so well known and widely circulated, because of their purity, that the symbol was retained like a 'trade-mark' for several centuries, though you can see that they improved on it."

There is a gold coin that was made at Miletus in Ionia about the same time as the Æginetan coins. It is called a Stater, or standard. The lion's head represents strength and courage. The other side is simply the back; for our earliest coins were evidently struck, that is, made by a punch or hammer driving the metal into a die, and the back shows simply a punch-mark.

Here is a four-drachma piece that was issued by Alexander the Great. It isn't certain whether the head represents Alexander as Hercules, with the skin of the Nemean lion for a head-dress or the god himself; but on the reverse of the coin, the figure seated is Jupiter holding an eagle. The lyre is the crest or symbol of Colophon in Ionia, part of which name appears. The collector told me what the inscription means at Jupiter's back, but I will let you find out for yourself.

Perhaps you remember from your history, that when Alexander died his grand empire was divided among his generals. Egypt was seized by his great general and half-brother, Ptolemy Lagus, whose sons and grandsons reigned in succession nearly three hundred years. Then came Ptolemy XII., who was drowned one day as he tried to swim across the Nile, and left the crown to his sister, Cleopatra. She was a very beautiful and accomplished woman, and Mark Antony came from Rome, where he was one of the chief rulers, and fell in love with her. They governed Egypt together, and one of the coins they issued was this four-drachma piece, with his head on one side and hers on the other; but it was an unlucky "toss-up" for this precious couple. Antony let his affairs at Rome go to the dogs, so that Octavius (great Cæsar's nephew) came after him and beat him in battle. Then Antony killed himself, and Cleopatra poisoned herself, and Egypt became a Roman province; for the Romans were fast picking up the broken bits of the world that fell to pieces out of Alexander's hand three hundred years before.

When Octavius went back to Rome after beating Antony, the Roman senate conferred on him the title of "Consecrated," or Augustus, and of course he took the surname of his great uncle, Cæsar. Naturally, Augustus would want to punish those that had fought against him. Among these was a cheap little tyrant, by the name of Herod. He had been made king of Judea by Antony, and had fought on his side against Augustus, but Augustus pardoned him, and allowed him to remain on the throne of the little Judean kingdom; so he was still there at the time when there was born in Bethlehem of Judea a baby prince, who is known in history as the Prince of Peace, whose kingdom outgrew all the provinces of Augustus, and whose sword disarmed the Roman legions. When this King of Kings was fourteen years old Augustus died. He left a step-son, Tiberius. Above is one of his coins. It was he of whom Christ spoke, when he said, "Render unto Cæsar the things which be Cæsar's."

I have half-a-dozen more coins jingling in my hands that we will look at another time.—*Treasure Trove.*

QUEEN VICTORIA.

In the month of June Her Majesty Queen Victoria entered on the 50th year of her reign, and, when we think of the splendid example she has set before her people during all those long years, our hearts should fill with love to her.

From a child she was brought up in great simplicity, and the little Princess might often have been seen trudging along in the rain, clad in thick boots and a cloak like any country girl. She has told us in her own words of many a wild mountain ramble and also of many visits to poor women in their little cottages, and in their times of distress and bereavement to comfort them.

When young, the habits of thrift and honesty were taught her, which would be the greatest help to every poor child who reads this.

She was never allowed to buy a toy or other article, unless she could pay for it out of her own little quarterly allowance, and if this was all spent, she had to wait until next quarter-day came round and she could honestly pay herself for what she wanted. When she became Queen at the age of eighteen she paid all her father's debts (he had died when she was a baby).

From a child she was trained to be industrious, and early rising was enforced as strictly as if she had to work for her living. The result of these good habits is that never in her long reign has the Queen been known to keep people waiting. She is always punctual to the appointed time.

Lastly, do we not all know that in any trouble or misfortune Her Majesty's deepest sympathy is with "all sorts and conditions of men." Does a great and good man die? Her Majesty will visit his desolate home, or cable across the sea messages of condolence, or, if necessary, come forward and take upon herself the charge and upbringing of the friendless orphan.

Does any sad accident leave hundreds of toiling women widows and their children fatherless? Her messages of sympathy and anxiety to hear any particulars are prompt and kindly; her pecuniary help ever ready where needed.

Then let us believe that our loyalty and affection in return will really help to cheer her on her difficult path. She has been a good daughter, a good wife, a good mother, and a good Queen.

And let us all echo the poet Tennyson's words:

"May all love,
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again!"

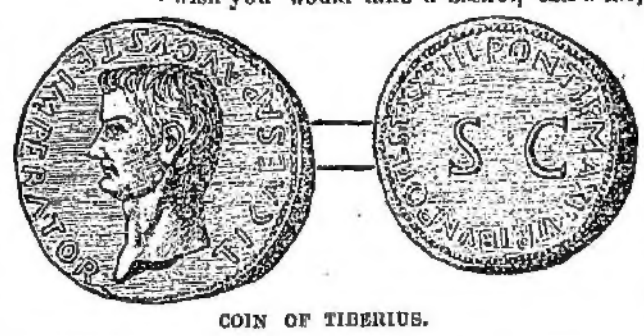
—*Louisa Birt, Sheltering Homes, Liverpool, May 11.*

NO PLACE FOR PITY.

Everybody thought Eunice Randall's was a very sad life. An accident had happened to her in her childhood, and her spine had gone wrong, somehow, and she was hump-backed and so short that when she was seventeen, and might be supposed to have got her growth, her poor little head did not more than come up to the waist of her handsome sister who was two years younger. She had been well taught; and perhaps her very misfortune had only made her the more studious, so that she had resources for happiness in books and pictures, and her love of music, and in the beauty of the fair world around her. But now that she was getting old enough, to begin to take her place in society, people began to pity her more than ever. Not for her, never for her, the bright young days when all the world seems set to music, and when, perchance, "Love takes up the harp of life."

Eunice's mother, especially, pitied her with a great passion of pity. Happy wife and mother herself, her very heart broke, almost, with her sorrow for this daughter for whom were none of the glad sweet hopes of youth.

The mother did not talk of this; but her pity looked out of her eyes, thrilled in her voice, lent a touch of pathos to the very



COIN OF TIBERIUS.

pressure of her hand, when it rested on the poor deformed shoulders of her eldest girl. And Eunice bore this pity, till it grew to be a burden too heavy to bear in silence, and then, one night, she caught the mother's hand from her shoulder, and held it close.

"Mother," she said, "won't you please let me be happy? I can't be while you pity me so. You are so sorry for me that it almost makes me feel that there is nothing on earth for me to be glad about. And yet I know there is—so much. God would not have let this come to me if some way it might not be for the best—He knows how. I don't suffer much pain, and I have much time to be happy.

"There are so many things the other girls have to do, and to trouble about, that need not come into my life at all. It's no matter if I don't have fine clothes—I needn't bother myself with the fashions. And all the books in the world are written for me to read—and there are artists to paint pictures for me, and singers to sing, and the stars shine for me, and the flowers blossom, and I like all sorts of good things to eat and drink; and people love me 'more than is reason.'

"When God pleases, I shall go out of this body, and on, and up; and oh, I'll be the happiest girl you've got, if you won't pity me!"

Mrs. Randall hid her eyes, that Eunice might not see the tears in them, and whispered, almost as reverently as if she had been hearing a voice from heaven.

"I shall never dare to pity you again."—*Youth's Companion.*

DID YOU BRING IT?

The following beautiful and touching incident illustrative of how God hears and answers prayer, was told us by the son of the Christian lady, who sent the basket and skirt. At our request he has written it out and we publish it in his own words. One morning in the winter of 187—, a Christian lady who had often distributed to the necessity of saints, sat alone in the room where advanced age and the beginning of what proved to be her last illness confined her.

Roused from her meditation by the entrance of her daughter, she said: "My dear, old Mr. and Mrs. W. have been on my mind all night. I hear that they were not at church on Sunday. I know that they are poor; they may be sick and in want. I wish you would take a basket, call a cab, drive to the market, buy a goodly supply of provisions and take it to them." Here she gave the address, and as her daughter was leaving the room, she added, handing her a thick flannel skirt, "perhaps you would do well to take this too; the weather is cold and Mrs. W. may need it."

The younger lady went. The provisions were bought, and at the head of the third flight of stairs in the tenement house to which she had been directed, she stopped short. Through the thin door she could hear Mr. W.'s voice asking a blessing upon the food before him.

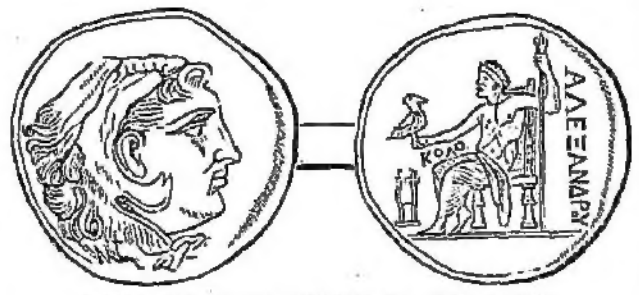
At the conclusion of the grace, and smiling at what she now believed to be her mother's unnecessary anxiety, she knocked and entered. Sure enough, there they were at dinner, the wife at foot of table waiting to be helped, the husband at head carving—one large apple all the food they had!

With tears in her eyes, the lady drew forth her kindly store, and while a comfortable meal was being prepared she listened to their grateful thanks and heard from uncomplaining lips their pitiful story. How they earned a precarious living as clear starchers; how the husband had been attacked by rheumatism and the wife by a felon; how, though utterly destitute, they had poured out before their God all their troubles, and how they had surely believed that He would send some one to help them.

When dinner was ready and the visitor about to leave, Mrs. W. accompanied her to the door, and with an expectant look, said: "My dear, did you bring the flannel petticoat?"

In the excitement of the entrance, the lady had quite forgotten the skirt which still lay in the bottom of the basket. Astonished at the question, she answered "Yes, I brought you a skirt, but why did you think so?"

"Because, dear," said the old saint, "when I told the Lord there was only an apple left, I told him I needed a warm flannel petticoat, and I was only wondering whether you had it or would He send it by some one else."—*Words and Weapons.*



TETRADRACHM OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

NURSING.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in presiding at the anniversary of the British Women's Temperance Union, said he had given up all hope of progress until they had got the active support of the women of the country. He contended, as a medical fact, that there was nothing but injury to the child in the case of nursing mothers who took strong drink.

COIN OF ANTONY, CLEOPATRA.

A CHICAGO JUDGE lately sentenced a criminal to gaol whose lawyer, in attempting to establish his good character, submitted a petition for his client's appointment to office signed by the judge himself. The judge, referring to it, said, "I signed it without knowing the man, upon representation that he would be a good man in the post-office;" and added very wisely, "But I shall not forget the lesson, nor shall I sign any more such petitions."

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

By Pansy.

CHAPTER IX.—*(Continued.)*

It was when they were all back in the parlor, the father talking with Mr. Keith, and the young people gathered into a corner by themselves, that Lucy Cox spoke suddenly, with the air of one who had puzzled over this thing long enough and now felt determined to have satisfaction.

"Look here, I want to know now what you did it for?"

"Did what?" asked startled Christie, for Lucy had pushed away her bangs and her great black eyes were fixed on Christie's face.

"Had us come here, me and Lucius, and eat supper and have cake and milk and good things, and sit in your big nice chairs and see that machine and all. What did you do it for?"

Her voice was so loud and earnest that it had stopped the talk of the boys, and Wells was looking right at Christie with a curious smile on his face—not a disagreeable smile, but one that said to her:

"Yes, if you please, I am interested in that very same question. What did you want of the little Coxes?"

"We wanted you to have a good time," said Christie, looking down, her cheeks growing red. "We thought you would like it and we wanted you to."

"What for?" It was Lucy again; she had a talent for asking questions, it seemed, and she kept those black eyes fixed on Christie.

Wells laughed a very little, he could not help it. That was coming right to the point. Why should she be so anxious to have the little Coxes have a good time? To be sure he had a dim idea what she was after, but how was she going to explain to them? That was just what Christie did not know. She hesitated a little, and glanced timidly up at Wells. He would help her if he could; she began to understand this thoroughly, but his face told her that he did not see how she was going to answer this. She looked over at Mr. Keith, but he was busy with her father, their voices dropped low, and their faces looking as though earnest words were being said; Christie would not have interrupted them for a great deal. She must help herself out, and to do so she must begin at the beginning.

"Do you know about Jesus Christ, Lucy?"

"No. I don't want to know any stories now. I want you to tell me what you did this for?"

"I am trying to tell you. Don't you truly know anything about Jesus Christ?"

"No."

"Then," said Christie, a little shocked, and more doubtful than ever how to tell her story, "you know about God, don't you?"

"Not much; and that hasn't got anything to do with it, anyway."

"Yes, it has. It has everything to do *with it.* Lucy, you know God made you, don't you?"

Lucy nodded.

"Well, he wanted you to have a good time here, and he wanted me to, and everybody, and he made a beautiful world and sunshine and everything so we could, but there is a wicked spirit named Satan who hates us and wants us to be ugly and unhappy; he made us do wrong things. Lucy, do you know about Heaven?"

"No."

"Well, that is the world where God lives, and it is beautiful and there is nothing bad there ever, and God wanted us all to come there and Satan didn't. Then Jesus, God's son, said he would come and help us, and he came away from Heaven and died for us, and helped everybody, and showed us what to do to get away from Satan, and get ready to go to heaven."

"But I want to know what you wanted Lute and me to come over here to supper for, and gave us lots of good things. That don't tell."

Christie looked pained and puzzled, and stole another glance at Wells, which made that young fellow feel as though it would be worth a good deal to understand this story as well as he did multiplication, for instance, so that he might help Christie. But he had not the least idea what to say, so he kept still. Christie tried again.

"Lucy, I belong to Jesus Christ. I am his servant, and he told me he wanted me to ask you to come here and have a good time."

"Why does He?"

"Because He loves you, and wants you to belong to Him. He has a beautiful place in Heaven that He wants you to live in, and He wants you to get ready to go."

"How will I get there?"

"Why, He will send for you as soon as you are ready. But you must get ready first, and there is a good deal to do."

Lucy looked down at herself.

"I haven't got any better clothes," she said gravely, "and I haven't got any more ribbon to cover up the holes; I found this on the road. I can't get any more ready than I am. And I don't know as I want to go, anyhow. Besides, you ain't told the truth; that ain't got nothing to do with Lute and me coming here to supper."

"Look a here," said Lucius, speaking for the first time, "you had better keep still. We're having a good time, and you needn't go and spoil it."

CHAPTER X.

"I don't want to spoil it," declared Lucy, "I want to know why; and she said she'd tell me."

"I tried to," said poor Christie, "but you don't understand. Lucy, see here, if you knew Jesus Christ, you would understand all about it."

"Where is He?"

"He went back to Heaven; but He can see from there away down here, and hear what we say, and he tells his servants what to do. He told me to ask you to come here to supper, and make you have a good time."

"I don't believe it."

What was to be done with the little sceptic? Poor Christie looked from one to another of the group in dismay. If there was any one thing she had been in the habit of, all her life, it was being trusted. What to say next to a person who coolly told her she did not believe what she had said, was more than Christie knew. Wells looked both troubled and amused. The ignorance of the little heathen before him was simply amusing to him, but he was troubled to think that he really did not know how to help Christie in the least. At this point, Mr. Keith drew his chair toward the circle. He had heard some of the last words, while Mr. Tucker was answering a call to the kitchen, and it seemed to him time to give the young hostess a little help.

"What is being talked about here?" he asked, smiling brightly on them all, especially on Christie who gave a relieved sigh as she saw him move toward them.

But Lucy did not choose to pitch her red-hot questions or denials at him, so sat silent and abashed. Christie gently explained.

"Lucy wanted to know why I wanted her and Lucius to have a good time, and I told her Jesus told me to make them as good a time as I could, and she doesn't think that can be so."

"I see," said Mr. Keith; "she does not know Jesus, and does not see why he should care whether she has a good time or not. Is that it, Lucy?"

Lucy nodded. Mr. Keith looked about him to see what he could find to help in explaining a wonderful old truth to this little dark mind. Mr. Tucker had come back from the kitchen and had Nettie in his arms, and she was intently listening to him. The two sat down together in one of the chairs near, and there was such a look of fatherly love and care on Mr. Tucker's face that the minister thought he would serve as an illustration for Lucy.

"I want you to look at Nettie in her father's arms, and then look at his face, and tell me whether you think he would like to make her very happy in any way that he could."

(To be Continued.)

"WILL YOU DO ME A FAVOR?"

Round and round, through street and square, the policeman passed on his solitary beat. It was lonely work enough at times, when the streets were hushed and the great city had sunk to rest. There was no stream of passers-by now to break the monotony of the watch; and except now and then, when a laugh or wail broke from some of the revellers or sufferers in the great city, all was as silent as a graveyard.

Presently a footstep echoed along the deserted pavement—a light, firm step, that contrasted strongly with the unsteady tread of those who sometimes interrupted the silence of the night. A young man approached and accosted the constable with the request—

"My friend, will you do me a favor?"

The one he addressed looked surprised, but replied at once, "I will if I can; what do you want?"

"I want you to promise me to think over some words during the next quarter of an hour that you are on your beat."

"What are the words?" he inquired, in a tone of wonder. "Let's have them, anyway, and I'll think about them if I can."

"They are these," the young man said, as he moved under a gas-lamp and turned over the pages of a small volume rapidly—

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

It was a strange request to make, and the young man waited to know whether it would be granted.

"Will you promise me that you will think the words over?" he repeated, after a pause.

"Well, I may as well think of that as of anything else," the constable answered. "Yes, I'll promise you to do it if nothing else comes in my way."

The stranger passed on, and in another moment the one to whom he had spoken was alone again on his solitary beat.

"God so loved the world." How familiar the words were, and how vividly they brought back recollections of past days that had long gone by! He had learnt them as a little child, when standing by his mother's knee. Yes, even then the message of free salvation for guilty sinners had been sent to him by the God who had loved him so well that He gave His only begotten Son *to die* for him upon the cross—the innocent for the guilty.

"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son." Another recollection arose in the constable's mind. A picture of a Sunday-school now came before him; a class of boys, himself among the number, and a patient, earnest Sunday-school teacher, striving week by week to awaken him to a sense of his lost condition, and a knowledge of the great salvation that was provided, "without money and without price," for "whosoever believeth in the Son of God." How far he had wandered away since those days, and yet God in His love and mercy was offering him forgiveness and eternal life again to-night! Would he accept it? Dare he neglect it any longer? He might be in eternity before another morning dawned; lost for ever; not because he was a sinner, but because he had neglected the salvation that was now laid at his feet as a free gift.

He did not reject it. There, alone with himself and God, he accepted the blessed message, and rested his soul on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*From Off and On Duty Series.*

ANGRY WORDS.

1. An gry words are lightly spoken In a rash and thoughtless hour; Brightest links of life are
2. Poi-son-drops of care and sor-row. Bit-ter poi-son-drops are they, Weaving for the coming
3. Love is much too pure and ho-ly, Friendship is too sa-cred far. For a moment's reckless
bro-ken By their fell in-sid-ious power. Hearts inspired by warm-est feel-ing, Ne'er be
mor-row Saddest mem'ries of to-day. An-gry words! oh, let them nev-er From the
fol-ly, Thus to des-o-late and mar. An-gry words are light-ly spo-ken, Bit'rest
fore by an-ger stirred, Oft are rent past human heal-ing By a sin-gle an-gry word.*
tongue un-guarded slip; May the heart's best impulse ev-er Check them ere they pass the lip.
thoughts are rashly stirred; Brightest links of life are bro-ken By a sin-gle an-gry word.

A RESCUED REQUEST.

At a recent Fulton Street Prayer-meeting, says the *New York Observer*, one of the requests received had indeed come out of the depths. It was shipped by the steamer "Oregon," now beneath the waves. Who will say that the letter was not an object of care on the part of divine providence? Weeks after the sinking of the vessel, the mail bag which contained this among others, was found miles away from the scene of the disaster. Under these unusual circumstances we quote the whole letter. It was postmarked "London W., March 6, '86," and an inner envelope bears the words: "If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it." Thus it seemed to be truly stamped with the King's seal. This is the letter:

"A little girl, about ten years old, sends this request to the people of God in New York: Will all the Christians at the Fulton Street Prayer-meeting pray very earnestly for one who is on his way to Australia, and will be stopping at Naples when this reaches New York, that he may be entirely for the loving Lord Jesus; that his life may be a holy one, as Jesus' was, and that he may win souls for him every day. That he may be kept from all the temptations, and that Satan may not have any more power over him. That he may determine to, at all times, follow him in sorrow and in joy to the beautiful home on high by the narrow path, and never get tired of it. That he may never be ashamed of Jesus, and that he may give temper to him and ask him to keep it, for this is one of the giants which Jesus must fight with and conquer, for he cannot. Do, dear friends, pray, for this is a very important request, but I feel happy now that I have told you to tell God all about it, and I will be expecting the answer from him."

KIND WORDS are the brightest flowers of earth's existence, they make a very paradise of the humblest home. A teacher should use them at all times, especially toward poorer members of her class. The teacher with the sour look and the cross, sharp voice, is out of place in the Sunday-school class. *Sunday-School Teacher.*

CHRISTIE AT HOME.

A SEQUEL TO CHRISTIE'S CHRISTMAS.

CHAPTER X.—*(Continued).*

By Pansy.

The entire group turned and looked at the father and daughter who were having a good time without knowing that they were helping anybody. Lucy, after a steady, searching look at them, turned to Mr. Keith again and nodded her head.

"Very well. Now suppose that a bad man should come in at that door and try to get Nettie to go with him. Do you think her father would be willing she should go, and make no effort to save her?"

Lucy violently shook her head.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER WERE AN ILLUSTRATION.

"Well, did not Christie tell you that you belong to the Lord Jesus? Nettie only belongs to her father because God gave her to him, but you belong to Jesus because he made you and keeps you alive. Now can't you see that he wants you to have a good time, since he took the trouble to make you and take care of you?"

Lucy considered. She was losing her timidity. Her fierce little heart was full of new and strange thoughts; it was time she understood some of them.

"Why don't He give me good times, then?" she asked, and her voice was fierce. "We have horrid times at our house, always."

Mr. Keith needed another illustration.

"Lucy," he said, bending toward her, "you remember that bad man whom we supposed might come after Nettie? Suppose he were here, and Nettie should want to go with him, and obey him, and her father should set her down and say to her: 'My little girl, this is a bad man; he will do nothing but harm to you, and if you will come to me I will see that he never touches you, and I will see that you get safely home to a beautiful place I have waiting for you, but you must choose which of us you will obey, or else I cannot help you,' and suppose Nettie should choose the bad man?"

Karl and Wells looked at each other, for both saw that this was the same sort of illustration which had been used for them, and had made them decide that they were fools, but Lucy did not understand as well as they had.

"She wouldn't do it!" she exclaimed in triumph. "Nettie wouldn't go with the bad man a step. She would run right to her father."

The boys laughed, but Mr. Keith sighed.

"Yes," he said, "I think she would; and that is just the difference between her and you. This Jesus who owns you, has been calling to you all your life, coaxing you to choose between him and the bad master who wants you to follow him, and you have chosen the bad master."

I haven't," said Lucy, her dark face growing red all over, and losing every vestige of her timidity. In her rage, she stamped her foot. "I haven't, either! It is no such thing. He never said a word to me, nor the other one either. I never heard them speak in my life. And I wouldn't do no such thing as that, and you needn't say I would."

Mr. Keith bent forward and spoke low. "Lucy," he said, "will you listen to me very carefully? I want to tell you a story: There was once a little girl who had a baby brother, and she took him out, one day, in the fields to play, and set him down by the bank, and he rolled over and got his dress and shoes all wet and muddy, and spoiled a ribbon that the little sister had laid in his lap. Now this little sister ran over to him, and as she ran she heard two people speaking to her. One said, 'Little rascal! He is always getting you into trouble, and now mother will whip you for letting him get muddy, and he has spoiled your ribbon, too. Shake him as hard as you can, and slap his arms and his hand.' The other voice said, 'He couldn't help tumbling over; he is only a little fellow. He did not do it on purpose; and he does not understand that he has hurt your ribbon. Kiss him, and tell him you are sorry he fell; and tell mother that you will take better care of him next time.' Those two voices were, the Lord Jesus who made this little girl, and the bad man who wanted to keep her away from her home in Heaven that Jesus had made ready for her, and the little girl said to Jesus, 'I won't! I won't! I'll slap him as hard as I can. I don't care if he is a baby.' Now which master did she choose to obey?"

You should have seen Lucy's face then! It was a curious study! Red, indeed, but not angry; rather astonished beyond words to express, and ashamed. She dropped her eyes to the floor, and made no answer at all, and had no question ready.

After a moment's waiting, Mr. Keith said gently:

"There are always those two voices talking to people, and they are always choosing which they will obey. The thing is that it has been left for them to choose. The Lord Jesus wants willing servants. We must decide for Him, then He will do all the rest. It is true that He told His servant Christie to ask you and Lucius to come here to-night, and to make you as happy as she could, and to tell you what He wanted of you, but He will not make you love Him whether you want to or not; you can still go on serving the bad master if you choose. But you must not blame him for not giving you a happy life, if you will not have him for a friend."

Mrs. Tucker had now come in, and Mr. Keith withdrew his chair and joined the other group. The boys looked at one another, and then at Lucy, who still had her eyes on the carpet. It was an embarrassing time. Nobody knew what to say next. At last Wells came to the rescue.

"What if we young folks should play some games together? Christie, do you suppose your mother would let us go to the kitchen?"

Christie arose promptly, giving Wells a grateful look as she hastened away to make ready the room.

I suppose the little Coxes never even dreamed of a nicer time than they had there for the next hour.

It appeared that Wells not only knew all sorts of games, but he knew how to explain them to others, and to be patient with dulness, and good-natured over-mistakes.

And you know yourselves that it is not every boy or girl either who can do these last things.

The fun grew so great that after a time the father and mother and minister came to look on. Yet through it all, Lucy Cox kept a watchful eye on the minister and on her opportunities, and when at last she stood close to him she said suddenly, speaking low:

"Who told you?"

"Who told me what, my child?" he answered, thus suddenly called from the bewilderments of blind-man's-buff.

"That about me and Tommy in the field."

He bent toward her:

"My child, no one told me. I saw it. I was passing that way, and I saw little Tommy fall, and I saw the shaking and the slapping; and I am so well acquainted with Jesus and with that evil spirit that I know as well as though I had heard them, that one was coaxing you to do right, and the other to do wrong. And I saw you choose to do the wrong thing."

Lucy pushed up the handkerchief from her blinded eyes and looked around her, half frightened.

"I didn't see no one," she said doubtfully.

"No, the trees hid me from your view; but I saw you and Tommy distinctly."

"But I mean them other two."

"Lucy, don't you know that you cannot see them with the eyes that you have now? They are spirits, and our eyes are not made to see spirits."

Lucy sniffed contemptuously and drew down her handkerchief. "I don't believe in nothing that I can't see!" she said, with a logic and wisdom worthy of some who are older than she, and ought to know more.

She was caught just then, and had to go through the ordeal of being discovered and taking her turn as catcher, but it took her not two minutes to lay hands on Wells, and the moment her fingers touched the nap of his coat sleeve she triumphantly announced his name: "It's that Burton boy. You can't humbug me!"

A few moments more and the changes of the game brought her back to the corner where Mr. Keith still stood.

He bent towards her: "Lucy, did you ever hear the wind blow?"

"Course!" said Lucy, utter contempt in her voice. She thought the minister was being very foolish in his talk.

"Then you are sure that there is such a thing as wind?"

"Of course I am."

"But did you ever see the wind?"

And now, for the first time, Lucy discovered where her own logic had led her.

She said not a word in reply for several minutes: not indeed until she had made the circuit of all the corners without getting caught, and was back beside him again. Her voice had changed its tone and was almost gentle as she said: "But I can hear the wind plain enough."

"And you can hear those two, speaking plainly to you, whenever you choose to listen. They speak low."

Apparently Lucy had had all the lesson her mind could grasp. She said no more. Indeed there was little time after that. The game broke up. The carriage came for Wells and he invited the minister to ride with him, and the minister asked if there was not time for one song and a prayer. So they went back to the front room and Wells played "There's a Land that is fairer than Day," Mr. Keith taking a song leaflet out of his pocket to furnish music, and then he and Wells and Karl sang it. Christie tried to; it was one of their Sabbath-school pieces and she knew it well, but it made the tears come so to hear the familiar tune ringing out to her from the keys of her own piano, that they choked her voice. Lucy and Lucius could only listen and stare. They had never heard the song; they knew nothing about Sabbath-school.

Wells and the minister talked about that as they rode home in the carriage.

"Those little chips ought to be gotten into the Sabbath-school," Wells said. "They say they have never been in their lives. Why, they are regular little heathens! Christie says they have no clothes to wear. I must talk to my mother about that."

(To be Continued.)

SOME OF YOU little sinners are sitting around here waiting for salvation to strike you as it did St. Paul. Snow bird waiting to be hit with a cannon ball. God adjusts his ammunition to the size of the man he is after. Mustard-seed shot will do for you.

CHERRIES.

(Drawing Lesson, by Harrison Weir.)

MAXIMUS.

I hold him great who for love's sake,
Can give with generous, earnest will;
Yet he who takes for love's sweet sake
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven
Who bears that burden well and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;
Yet he who loses has to fill
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway:
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God
And earn the martyr's crown of light;
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

HOW THEY KEPT THEIR FEET.

BY LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMING.

Effy was busily learning the Bible verse which grandma had given her; for at Grandma Wilson's the children were always expected to repeat a verse of Scripture every morning. Grandma herself had done so ever since she was a little girl, and Effy and Winny thought it no hardship, but rather pleasant, to do things "like grandma did."

It was a bright, cold Sunday morning outside, but not a bit of cold stole into the pleasant dining-room where Effy sat. The coal-fire sparkled, and sent up funny little jets of flame, which Effy and Winny thought must be something like very tiny volcanoes. Effy felt happy and satisfied as she looked up now and then from her Bible, around the pretty room, and especially on her garnet cloth dress, which she had on for the very first time this Sunday morning.

"What are you doing?" asked Winny, when she came in.

"Learning my verse. It's such a long one; just listen: 'If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.' And that isn't the whole verse, either, but grandma said I need only learn this much."

"I wonder what verse grandma will give me," said Winny, smoothing down her garnet dress.

Grandma soon settled that; for when she came into the dining-room she said, "And now I must find a Sunday verse for Winny, too: Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear, than to give the sacrifice of fools.'"

"Oh!" laughed Winny. "Our verses have both got 'feet' in them. Does it mean, sure enough, feet like ours, grandma?"

"It certainly does," said Mrs. Wilson.

"But, grandma," said Effy, thoughtfully, "how can our feet keep Sunday holy, except by taking us to church?"

"Now, that is what I want my little women to think about, and find out," said grandma, smiling. "The Bible says a great deal about our feet. It says we must ponder, or think over carefully, the paths of our feet. It tells us of the foot that hasteth to deceit, of the foot of pride, of the foot which may offend, or cause us to sin. If each one of my little girls watches, and keeps her foot in the right way, and turns it away from whatever is contrary to the Fourth Commandment, to-day, perhaps you will see how the little feet can keep the Sunday Holy.

Soon both little sisters were snugly buttoned up in their warm plush coats, and off for Sunday-school.

"There's Betty Hill," exclaimed Winny. "She is trying to catch up with us. And such a sight! She's been wearing that plaid suit for ever so long, and her hat is her summer one trimmed over. Let's walk right on, and pretend not to see her."

"But, Winny," said Effy, looking troubled, "we have seen her; and if we walk on, won't our feet deceive? And you know grandma said something about the foot of pride, too. You know Betty's folks are poor, and she can't have pretty clothes, as we can."

"Why, Effy, I had forgotten about the feet almost! I suppose we had better wait for her."

Betty looked pleased as she came up to the girls.

"I wasn't going to Sunday-school," she said; "but, as you've stopped for me, I think I'll go along too."

Miss Baker was glad to have another scholar, and at the close of the school thanked Winny and Effy for bringing Betty with them. Our little sisters smiled at each other, and Effy whispered,

"Winny, aren't you glad we 'turned away' our feet?"

But as they went in church, and Effy was rather noisily tripping up the steps, it was Winny's turn to whisper,

"Don't you think, Effy, it would be keeping our feet to go more quietly into church?"

Then Effy blushed, and walked very softly up the aisle.

"It's Sunday, we can't go," said Winny, resolutely, though Effy looked rather wistful, when a schoolmate came in the afternoon to know if the sisters would go out walking.

"I wish grandma wasn't quite so strict," said Effy, with just a little bit of a sigh, as she closed the front door.

"Why, Effy!" exclaimed Winny, "it isn't grandma; it's your Bible verse that says 'not doing thy pleasure on my holy day.' And you know just walking for our own pleasure wouldn't be turning away our feet from doing our own will at all."

"I s'pose you're right, Winny; but I never did think before about our feet helping us to be good."

"You can't go into badness unless you let your feet carry you," laughed Winny.

"Has it been a happy Sunday?" asked grandma, when each brown head was on the pillow, and she came to tuck in the bedclothes round the little girls.

"Yes, grandma," said Effy.

"And we did try to keep our feet," said Winny.—*Sunday School Times.*

"A CALL."

"It is very foolish to tell your dreams," was often said to me when a child; but I have sometimes found a dream, God-given, which has proved beneficial to my soul. The one I now relate is such a one. I was in deep anxiety concerning certain affairs over which I had no control. I was in a strange city. I knew my refuge was in God, and therefore I was calm, although the waves of tumultuous thought tossed themselves: I proposed taking the afternoon for calls on different friends. At each house the answer was successively "Not at home." My first friend was at a prayer meeting, the second out of town, the third was at his counting-house, and the fourth was expected home by the next train—"all useless calls" I said.

That night, in my dreams, I was working over the events of the day, when some one seemed to say to me, "You made 'a call' upon friend after friend, and not one was at home, not one was ready for you; you received no help or comfort from either. Could you not make 'a call' upon God, a downright call on purpose on God, your best Friend? He is sure to answer the bell Himself. He is always at home, and always ready for His visitors, and He is a very present help in trouble" (Psa. xlvi. 1). I awoke with the sweet text on my tongue, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me" (Psa. i. 5); and yet again, "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not," (Jer. xxxiii. 3).—*Emily P. Leakey.*

GENEALOGY OF THE ENGLISH KINGS AND QUEENS.

Victoria, niece of William the Fourth, who was brother of George the Fourth, who was son of George the Third, who was the grandson of George the Second, who was son of George the First, who was the cousin of Anne, who was the sister-in-law of William the Third, who was the son-in-law of James the Second, who was brother of Charles the Second, who was son of Charles the First, who was son of James the First, who was the cousin of Elizabeth, who was sister of Mary, who was sister of Edward the Sixth, who was son of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the cousin of Richard the Third, who was the uncle of Edward the Fifth, who was the son of Edward the Fourth, who was the cousin of Henry the Sixth, who was the son of Henry the Fifth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Edward the First, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of John, who was the brother of Richard the First, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the cousin of Stephen, who was the cousin of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conqueror.

DIDN'T KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT.

A Mongol fable is as follows: Two geese when about to start southward on their autumn migration, were entreated by a frog to take him with them. On the geese expressing their willingness to do so if a means of conveyance could be devised, the frog produced a stock of strong grass, got the two geese to take it, one by each end, while he clung to it by his mouth in the middle. In this manner the three were making their journey successfully when they were noticed from below by some men, who loudly expressed their admiration of the device and wondered who had been clever enough to discover it. The vainglorious frog, opening his mouth to say, "It was I," lost his hold, fell to the earth, and was dashed to pieces.

Moral.—Don't let pride induce you to speak when safety requires you to be silent.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE WHOLE CROSS is more easily carried than the half.—*Drummond.*

Question Corner.—No. 12.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Whom did Joseph marry?
2. What city formed part of the first kingdom on record?
3. For whom did the Hebrews build the city of Raamses?
4. Who took a city to get a wife?
5. Of what two cities did Christ say, "Woe unto thee"?
6. In what city did Paul leave his cloak?
7. What city did Solomon build in the wilderness?
8. Name the city in the siege of which Uriah was killed.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

1. Grandmother of Timothy.
2. An offering of a woman.
3. Waited for the Bridegroom.
4. A sorcerer.
5. Pay of laborers.
6. A holy mountain.
7. "Master."
8. Father of Saul.
9. Mother of Timothy.
10. The city of Saul.
11. Food of John the Baptist.
12. An officer cured by the advice of a little maid.
13. Increased by a miracle to pay a debt.
14. Of which a king's throne was made.
15. Grandfather of Joseph.
16. Lower orders of the Temple servitors.
17. A convert of St. Paul, left at Ephesus.
18. A giant king of Bashan.
19. A place where Abraham and David both lived.
20. Hagar's child.
21. The pool whither the blind man was sent.
22. Where our Lord raised a dead man.
23. The city of the Great Diana.
24. The chosen people.
25. The land given by Pharoah to Jacob's children.
26. Where Aaron died.
27. The "son of consolation."
28. Slave to Philemon.
29. A great city of the ancient world.

First letters form a saying of Paul.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 11.

1. To the woman of Samaria (St. John iv. 26); and to the man born blind, to whom he had given sight (St. John ix. 37).
2. On the bringing of the report of the land of Canaan, by the twelve spies (Numb. xiv. 6-10).
3. In Rom. xii. 4, 5; 1 Cor. x. 17, xii. 12, 13, 20, 27; Eph. iv. 4; Col. iii. 15.
4. In Prov. xxxi. 8.
5. From Babylon, Cuthah Ava, Hamath and Sepharvaim. They were sent by the King of Assyria (2 Kings xvii. 24).

A PROBLEM.—There were 107 in the class. (12 × 13 = 156 + 6 = 162 ÷ 10 = 16 1-5 — 7 = 9 1-5 × 50 = 500 — 30 = 470 + 5 = 475 — 15 = 460 ÷ 4 = 115 — 8 = 107.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from *Jennie Lyght, H. E. Greene, Frank Carruthers* and Albert Jesse French.

WARNING TO BEER DRINKERS.

For some years a decided inclination has been apparent over the country to give up the use of whiskey and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also, that bitters may have some medical quality which will neutralise the alcohol which it conceals, &c. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs, profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, condition of congestion, and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and the kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our cities are beer drinkers.—*Scientific American.*

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